



Volume 9 Issue 4

A Newsletter by and for the Residents of The Forest at Duke

January 2003



PRESIDENT'S PODIUM

As always, the Dining and Activities staffs made Christmas a great celebration as well as the most lavish festivities ever for New Years.

You have all received President Harvard's report on the December 12th TFAD Board meeting at which the Board's Executive Committee expressed its reactions to the agenda items suggested by the Resident's Association Board. In the next joint meeting of these groups there will certainly be full discussion of these matters and, hopefully, mutually satisfactory resolutions of the differences. It would be good to hope that The Forest as a united community might have the courage to address the patent inequities that prevail in retirement communities. Some of these are imbedded in State and Federal laws or regulations and others are imposed by the financing agencies. It brings to mind the cries of our founding fathers and the principles ex-

(Continued on page 10)

THE GREAT STORM

It was the Storm of the Century, a humongous weather event that covered a third of the United States, pouring down a mixture of rain and wet snow that turned into a silver coating of ice as it passed over the Gulf States and seemed to pause over North Carolina before it spent itself at last on the Northeast.

Our state, it appeared, was its most vulnerable target, and here at The Forest where memories of Fran linger, we braced ourselves for Big Trouble, and it half-arrived. That is, the main building was miraculously spared, but the cottages lost their power. The story of what followed is another chapter in the continuing saga of what our incomparable staff does when it's confronted with a climate meltdown. It rolls up its collective shirtsleeves and figuratively, if not more, saves our lives.

Food was the first consideration. Barrie Lobo and his staff, from top to bottom, produced a small miracle. With the dining room closed, the café became Food Central, and every dining staff member who could get here turned a hand to supply us with more food than anyone could have expected, working

long hours to do it, and many coming and going from homes that were as heatless as our cottages. No one, as far as we know, went hungry. Staff and friends supplied those who couldn't get to the café.

Meanwhile, Leslie Jarema, our Director of Health Services, marshaled her forces to see that those stranded in the cold cottages had a place to get a warm sleep if they came to the main building. Staff people who stayed overnight had to be accommodated too, which meant that everywhere a bed or mattress could be placed became a bedroom of sorts. Empty rooms in Holbrook and Olsen, the Exercise Room in Jane Hamilton's domain (where Jane joined the refugees) were used. Every available room in the main building was commandeered, including the parlor and the auditorium, where ten beds made the place look like an oversized dormitory room. Characteristically, Lucy Grant thought to put a small box of chocolate on the pillows to greet the weary refugees with a home touch. It was duly noted that one refugee snored, but no one complained. (Well, maybe one or two.)

Foresters living temporarily or otherwise in Olsen and Holbrook had their own prob-

(Continued on page 5)

The Forester

The newsletter of the Residents' Association of The Forest at Duke, Inc., 2701 Pickett Rd., Durham, NC 27705-5610.

Published monthly except July, August and September by and for the residents.

Publisher: Tom Gallie

Editor: Marion Patton

Associate Editor: Virginia Jones

Contributing Editor: John Tebbel

Editorial Assistants:

George Chandler

Earl Davis

Ellen Dozier

Bette Gallie

Libby Getz

Betty Gray

Mary Ruth Miller

Circulation Manager: Pete Seay

Art and Word Puzzle: Bob Blake

Photographer: Ed Albrecht

Publishing Assistants:

Marion Bender

Bess Bowditch

Nancy Carl

Helen Corbett

Ruth Dillon

John Getz

Jane Jones

Betty Kent

Ginny Putnam

Molly Simes

To the Editor:

Many thanks to the Management and Staff of TFAD for the exceptional job they did during the Ice Storm, especially those who spent nights taking care of us and providing food.

Milt and Rheta Skolaut

JANUARY

Followers of these musings on the months of the year may have noticed that January is a month about which very little can be said that anyone wants to hear. There are almost no references to it in standard books of quotations because January doesn't rhyme with anything, so the great poets of the past, from Shakespeare on down, have disdained it. The poets of the present, of course, couldn't care less about rhyming but they don't find much in January either to praise or complain about.

Brooding, of course, would be one answer. There is a great deal about January that invites brooding, which is something contemporary poets are particularly good at. Give them a good brood and they'll give you a volume of verse that only a few hundred people will understand.

January, you might think, should be a month of happy optimism. After all, it's the start of a new year and we've already made up our minds what we're going to do with it. Or not. However, in these parlous times, when we start thinking about the future it is not an invitation to peace and repose. More likely a little contemplation of what might lie before us in the coming year (any year) is likely to inspire a yearning for a small cottage in the Galapagos.

But the January picture is not as gloomy as it seems, say the optimists. After all, in the North and other snowy parts there is skiing and sledding and sports requir-

ing snow, ice, and good coffee. In the South, there is sun between the ice storms and other uncharacteristic weather, besides the knowledge that no matter what happens to the elements here, it's going to be the event of a few days, not a stretch from November to May (see Minnesota.)

There's also something else to be said for January. Just endure it for 31 days, and what do you get? February, with all its holidays; March, with its brief prefaces to spring; April, with laughter and tears; May, when the sun really means it; then June comes bustin' out all over and the familiar cycle keeps on until, just as we're beginning to really enjoy the calendar, the holidays end and there we are, confronting our old Scrooge once more: January. A pox on him, as they used to say in more elegant times.

John Tebbel

Inside

January	2
Birthday	3
Poetry	3
Ad Lib	4
Profile	5
Bric-A-Brac	6
Library Notes	7
Playreaders	8
Book Notes	9
Storm Thoughts	2, 5, 10
New Residents	11

BO CELEBRATES 99

Verna ("Bo") Boteler approached the closed door, cautiously not knowing what to expect. Usually the East door to the cafe is propped wide open, allowing for a friendly welcome.

Once inside, Bo could see that everything looked fairly normal — Augusta was behind the counter with a broad grin and the first few people were gathering. It was going to be all right.

Bo passed through the line, ordering her B and B (biscuit and bacon,) and found her daughter Pat already sitting at the table waiting for her. Bo was dressed in a fire engine red suit with a beautiful blue scarf. She looked happy, smiling.

More people arrived, filling up the main table, overflowing to a couple of tables against the jungle wall.

John Friedrich positioned himself near the first door, raised his cornet and let out a tremen-

dous jazzy version of *Happy Birthday*. The joy filled the cafe, vibrated into the kitchen area and alerted Augusta who came forth bearing the chocolate cake with nine candles (one for each eleven years!), cake knife, plates, forks, and napkins. The staff had prepared the tables with maroon napkins as centerpieces, giving each table an air of festivity. Fresh alstroemerias gently nodded their heads in approval.

Augusta started the singing because she pitches the birthday song sufficiently low that all of us could participate. Geneva helped Bo cut the first piece and then continued in a systematic fashion. Pat distributed cake to the men's table and to others in the cafe. Geneva surveyed the crowd and reduced the portions appropriately — after all, a woman who has raised ten children knows intuitively how to str-et-ch out a cake to accommodate all.

Act I ended with hugs, a gift or two, some cards and then Bo went off to have a lovely day.

Pat stayed most of the day, November 27, showing her enormous pride in her mother. It was mutual, of course.

The party continued through the day and into the dinner hour when the captain's table was decorated with at least 12 buoyant balloons marked 99. Seven good-looking waiters sang *Happy Birthday*, bearing another chocolate cream-filled cake. So we all participated in cake again, while Bo was greeted by people from all over the dining room.

Just a wonderful day — all captured on video — and Pat said, "I'm Just waiting for next year!" We nodded. Oh yes, then we'll really have to bring out the troops!

Caroline Long.

SUCCESS STORY

A rhymmer named George learned quite soon
That his verse was profoundly jejune.

But he made the front page,
Though some critics still rage,
And his head swelled up like a balloon.

His vanity told him he'd won
A well-deserved place in the sun.
By quick moves *a la ballet*,
He'd fooled Patton and Gallie,
And promoted himself to page one.

George Chandler

MEMORY

"Are you sure you want to save it?"

Yes, file it in the deep recess of memory
Store the images to brighten sightless days:
A palette of green softening the March landscape
A canopy of dogwood, evoking lacy bridal veils
White irises confirming earth's promise of renewal
Bees besieging apple blossoms, savoring the nectar
Grackels peppering the grass, darkening the sky in flight.

"When recalled, will scenes be sharper, prolonged and
intense, nourishing the aching void?"

Melba Pifer Reeves

AD LIB

About Graham Greene

The Quiet American is back yet again in a new movie version of the book. The reviews stirred memories. We were in Saigon at the book's conception. Graham Greene could sniff out a dangerous situation and pounce on it with his pen. The French-Indochinese war going on in 1951 was just his meat and the Saigon he came to write about in *The Quiet American* I remember well.

Saigon was the stuff of fiction then. Rue Catinat cut through the heart of downtown and lent a certain panache to the city. The trees bordering it gave dappled shade to strollers and on either side were shabby but elegant buildings housing such varied tenants as the Hotel Continental, the American Legation, shops, a few restaurants with grenade cages and lots of murky bars patronized by the Foreign Legionnaires. For the price of a cassis-soda one could sit in front of the Continental and watch the passing show. The traffic came in fits and starts. There were the pousse-pousse rickshaws and the clouds of bicycles with girls in native dress perched behind looking like nothing so much as colorful butterflies. In sharp contrast came pre-WW II Citroëns; long, black and sinister as panthers. French army jeeps darted in and out. Ancient busses, bursting at the sides with all

manner of cargo, ducks, cabbages, and rabbits, waddled down the street at intervals, mobile barnyards ferrying peasants and produce to market.

What a contrast the pedestrians were - the beggar whose nose and fingers were eaten away by leprosy and the chic Mesdames daintily picking their ways around the red blobs of betel saliva that peppered the pavement! In their wake would follow French Colonials in their white suits and pith helmets, Colonials who had tarried too long in the tropics; decayed by the heat, consoled by the opium.

Rue Catinat ran out at the river where flocks of sampans tied up. The scene was a lively continuation of the street. The decks of these small boats were strewn with kids and dogs and cooking pots and laundry. On the other side of the river the French and the Viet Minh were killing each other. At night one could hear the rat-tat-tat of machine guns echoed by the guttural croaks of bullfrogs.

Graham lived at the Hotel Continental, which offered hospitality of a sort. The Ritz it wasn't. There were few guests, no tourists, some French businessmen, rubber planters in from Cambodia, and a scattering of foreign correspondents. The rooms had furniture that was interesting rather than comfortable. Grayish mosquito netting masked the lumpy beds. When there was electricity, old ceiling

fans would churn the hot air and, when there was water, one could bathe in a rust-stained tub. I don't think Graham ever minded the hotel's shortcomings. I think he loved being uncomfortable. He was a spoiled priest of sorts and, I felt, secretly wanted to die crucified to an anthill. His religion (Catholic) was important to him though his behavior belied this. He knew where the opium dens (legal in French Saigon) were and would follow a shady Corsican down a dark alley in search of a story. He liked women, had a wife back in England, but, unlike the protagonist in his book, didn't, I believe, keep a mistress in Saigon. That is not to say he had no contact with the local beauties. Graham was not unattractive.

In those years he was probably in his forties, tall, lean, a slightly seedy Englishman with a huge anti-American chip on his shoulder. He had joined a student Communist group at Cambridge and could not get a visa to enter The States. In spite of this he tended to hang out with us and some other Americans at the Legation. Of course we later realized he was collecting fodder for his book. His wartime work with British intelligence had warped his outlook and he tended to view people and situations with suspicion. He was not a happy man and from time to time would retreat into a carapace of his own making. He

(Continued on page 5)

(Continued from page 4)

stayed in Saigon some months and, when he left for London on an early morning plane, a group of us partied all night and saw him off. We never saw him again. He lived to an old age. When I read his obituary, I saw no mention of an anthill.

Libby Getz

THE GREAT STORM

(Continued from page 1)

lem, and it was a familiar one—keeping an essential staff together in the face of an emergency. And once more, Diane Long, Director of Nursing, and her nursing staff did what they have done before, getting here one way or another and staying on duty just as long as possible until the trouble was over.

When the last cottages came on line, after a week without power, and order was slowly being restored in the entire Forest, there were enough complaints to go around but it was the power companies that took the blows. For our marvelous staff, from top to bottom, nothing but praise — and gratitude. Tons of it.

John Tebbel

FORESTER PROFILE

Parvaneh Mostaghimi

We're indebted to Linda Vaneman's staff newsletter, *The Forest View*, for letting us get to know Patty Mostaghimi, who is presently in charge of CPR training here, and teaches it as well. With her sister, Zhila (Sheila,) she worked for the Duke Medical Center as an RN, as well as performing her service here for the past ten years.

Born in Iran, she came to this country in 1985, and settled first in Virginia, where she earned her RN degree. She came to the Center as an intern, and fell in love with our corner of N.C. She convinced her sister to follow her, and both graduated as RNs in 1991. Patty came to The Forest as a charge nurse in Olsen, and liked us so much she applied for a seasonal position when it opened up. In those first days, here, she had only two patients, but soon covered for Carol Woods in our Wellness Center, where she learned the names of many more residents. At our recent Tenth Anniversary celebration, Patty was happy to see James Crapo, for whom she once worked in the Pulmonary Department at Duke.

Like so many staffers, Patty has found a second home at The Forest. "Everyone here is very close," she says, "and we help each other. They are like my family here."

John Tebbel

STORM POSTERS

What a relief! At The Forest we have survived. We are through one of the very most destructive ice storms recorded in NC history!

Many people deserve kudos in this effort over the past few days.

One such person is Bob Colver, a delightful member of our Forest family — a person with a smile for every task and challenge he meets during a busy day. He served us well during this stressful time and it's a pleasure to record one of his "most shining moments."

Bob had the foresight to make informational posters — ten copies for each update — that he posted at strategic points that are residents' crossroads. This proved to be a clever way to get news out to the residents more quickly than by trying to update channel 8.

He quickly got the information straight and typed it into his computer, choosing the print size and font, and underlining for emphasis. He got the word out fast by posting the information sheets in hi-density areas and counting on "the grapevine" to get the information to those who needed it most.

Bob, we salute you, we hope you'll be standing by at the time of our next disaster. Many thanks!

Caroline Long

BRIC A BRAC

It is amazing how quickly both staff and residents shifted into high gear when the power ceased after the famous ice storm of '02. Beds were set up for those in need from cottages and residents offered extra space in the apartments. Food remained plentiful, however. We are all most appreciative of the kindnesses shown during this time.

Although you will be reading this in January, this writing is taking place in mid-December when Thanksgiving, Hanukkah and Christmas happenings are at the fore. Many visitors have been at TFAD and travelers are again taking to the airways and highways. **Jenn Van Brunt's** daughter, Jennifer, came from Oregon, **Nancy Carl's** son Jeff, from Seattle, . . . **Jennifer Bowes'** son, Christopher, and family visited from New York and **Aubrey Naylor** was relieved to hear from his daughter after she and her husband completed their 1200 mile road trip back to Minnesota after their stay with her father. . . Friends of **Jean Tanner** stopped by from New Hampshire on their way to Florida and **Jean Mason** did not let her injured leg keep her from entertaining family members who came for the Navy-Wake Forest football game. . . **Bess Raper** cooked the meal and fed four generations of her family in her apartment for

an early Thanksgiving while **Ruth and Lee Phelps** enjoyed the company of ten people for dinner at their country home near Hillsborough. . . Son David and daughter Amy and her husband visited their parents, **Jane and Hal Muncaster**, while **Caroline Long's** sister and b.i.l. were here from Hamilton, NY (that's Colgate U.) and **Shirley Frucht** entertained her family for a special dinner. . . Daughter Peggy and her husband were here to visit **Louise Goshorn** and daughter Sue came from Jacksonville, FL to visit **Edith Bulkley**. **Mary Jones'** daughter, Marcie, and her family came from Potomac, MD, Amy Simes from Frostburg, MD came to see her parents, **Molly and Frank and Chris Hamlet's** daughter, Jane, came from Asheville. . . Although Mike Cassels lives 700 plus miles away he visits his mother, **Charlotte**, often. **Marie Bremer's** son and **Elizabeth Krakauer's** son and his wife who all live in the area come to visit their mothers. . . **Velma Neel and Katherine Holton** were among those who kept families warm during the recent unpleasantness. . . **Ginny Jones and Jean and Frank Melpolder** were among the few courageous souls who stayed in their cottages for the full outage time.

Ninety-nine years young is **Bo Boteler!** Her daughter and the group of "Breakfast Ladies" along with **John Friedrich** on cornet celebrated the big day!. . . **Ruth Patterson** won the privilege of conducting the Durham Sym-

phony Orchestra during its performance of Stars and Stripes Forever at the Annual Pops Concert. . . **Harry Owen** was invited to play his harmonica at a night club in Chapel Hill!. . . It was a bit embarrassing for **Gene Whittle** to be caught in the Channel 8 recording den when the Durham Community Band was playing and had left their instrument bags piled against the door. . . **Vonnie**, daughter of **Joyce and Ed Albrecht** brought several 1/2 gallons of choice ice cream to share with neighbors before it all melted. . . The dancing/singing flamingo at **Helen and Bruce Guyselman's** door has given many a smile to passers-by . . . When **Edna Wilson's** granddaughter from New Zealand was visiting, she invited **Helen Corbett** and her visiting granddaughter to lunch at the Carolina Inn. . . At a golf outing in Pittsburgh for a friend's 90th birthday, **Hal Muncaster** and his host combined their ages for 179 years. With a little subtraction we know **Hal's** age!

Craig Harris was in Phoenix recently on 8th Air Force business. . . **Kelly Matherly** and **John Setzer**, along with her son and his wife, have returned from Panama where they reminisced and tried to retrace some steps from Kelly's younger years. . . **Bylee and Ben Massey** had a quick trip to Georgia and soon will be on their way to Arizona. . . In their motor home away from home for

(Continued on page 7)

(Continued from page 6)

three weeks, **Rheta** and **Milt Skolaut** enjoyed a family wedding and visits to SC and GA. . . **Ruth Dillon** was with family in CT, as was **Ann Kirkpatrick** in OH and **Hildur** and **Bob Blake** in Charlotte where their grandson's bride cooked her first turkey and all the trimmings. . . Visiting sons and their families were **Janet McKay** to Boston, MA, **Dottie MacMillan** to NJ and **Ethel Foote** to Nashville, TN. . . **Sylvia** and **Ned Arnett** have rescheduled their Washington, DC trip while **Frances Beach** plans to go to Cape Cod, **Eleanor Kinney** to Indianapolis, **Liz O'Hanlan** and **Caroline Long** to California. . . Other travelers we'll catch up with later.

There is still time to view planet Venus in the early morning southeastern sky according to **Helen Pratt**. With the crescent moon it makes a spectacular sight!



LIBRARY NOTES

The TFAD Library continues to grow, to add books, videos, and audio tapes, and to recycle unneeded, out-of-date, or duplicate items.

Now that our renovation project has provided more shelves in the classroom, most paperbacks are there, along with the video tapes. The puzzles now occupy the former paperback space in the Annex on newly constructed shelves. Our new storage cabinets in the Annex meet a great need, helping to eliminate clutter. Next, the other old shelves in the Annex will also be replaced — those housing genealogy and non-fiction paperbacks. Then soon the main room will undergo renovations. It's an exciting time!

Among our recent acquisitions are videotapes from the Video Professor about the Internet, Word, Quicken (two levels,) TurboTax and the Introduction to WordPerfect 5.1. (Some of these are a bit dated, however.) There are also tapes on bridge and weight loss.

Our biography section has volumes on many people you might like to get to know. Some are famous, others less so. All are shelved alphabetically by the last name of the subject.

The Library Committee is now working with Mary Godbey, Activities Coordinator for the Health Care Center, to provide reading and viewing materials in Holbrook and to support,

with coordination by Sally Sheehan, the OASIS program there. Mary welcomes additional volunteers to assist with Health Care activities of various sorts.

The Library appreciates donations of books and videos likely to be of interest to residents. Large-print books are especially welcome. Current magazines and those without time value, like *Smithsonian* and *National Geographic*, are always welcome. Any duplicates can be sent over to the hospitals — a service Frank and Molly Simes are currently providing. Also welcome are any unwanted office supplies revealed during housecleaning, if they are in good condition.

Jane Jones is scaling back on her time in the library in 2003. Her diligence and efficiency have greatly helped to keep the library running well, and we will miss her dedication and numerous hours spent. The Residents' Association will make provision for the oversight of the copy machine.

We are glad the library was well used during the ice storm and power outage. Now keep on coming!

Mary Ruth Miller

HISTORY OF PLAYREADERS

Early in Feb. 1994 a group of residents who had been involved before with play reading groups got together to organize play reading here at The Forest at Duke. The group included Marian Everett, Rose Leavenworth, Margery and Dick Preston, and us. Our past experiences did not mesh easily, so we agreed to use the first year as a try-out to determine ground rules that would apply. We created the position of secretary/manager to select people as producer/directors of a play. They in turn would select and train the cast. With Rose Leavenworth's help we organized a workshop to help the producers with their job. It has been the secretary/managers who have given us continuity over the years. Ruth and I served as the first secretary/managers. Virginia Putnam, Molly Simes, Madeline Hawkins, Evebell Dunham, and Ruth Patterson followed.

One of the first problems we faced was finding suitable play scripts. Early on we discovered that people preferred one act plays so they could get to bed on time. Some folks objected to plays that included cuss words. After trying to let people edit the plays, it became apparent that others didn't want to lose the flow found in the original plays. Our first performance was in March 1994.

We were given play

scripts by Marian Everett, Earl Davis, Rose Leavenworth, and from catalogues of play publishers.

To give you a feel of our activities, we read plays with from one to 11 people in the cast, 64 people served as producer/directors, over 294 residents acted in plays, and we were asked to repeat seven plays. We have offered 67 programs so far. They involved monologues, plays written by residents, commentaries on videos about famous authors, and eventually plays that were three acts long.

We initially had playbills for the audience, since they needed to imagine stage sets and know the names of characters and actors.

Bob and Evebell Dunham created a mask that we placed on the entry door so people would know it was a play night. As the audience grew in the party room to a maximum of 50, it became necessary to move to the auditorium and develop a system of microphones so actors could be heard.

But let Ruth recall some of the moments that made Playreaders memorable and fun:

Early on, Walter chose the two-person play *The Gin Game*. As he tried to cast it he found that one woman after another refused on the grounds that there were swear words in it. Finally, Dan and Hope Lacy did it and it was very well received.

They repeated it on two later dates with huge success.

As we were searching for one-act plays, Marian Everett offered her collection of plays from her days as advisor to a high school drama group. She got a kick out of the fact that senior citizens would be performing high school plays. In 1996 during my time as secretary/manager the highlight for me was Fanny Patton's play *The Beaded Buckle*. Fanny was a resident here who had achieved fame with her book *Good Morning Miss Dove*. She had written *The Beaded Buckle* at the age of 17. When we did the play, Fanny sat in the first row. I was narrator and therefore had a chance to watch her expression. I felt worried because she had such a strange expression on her face. I was concerned and talked to her only to learn that she had never seen the play produced. We presented her with our prop, the beautiful buckle that Ginny Putnam had made. We were asked to repeat the performance two more times, including one for an outside group. I later discovered that Playmakers had produced the play in February 1924, but Fanny had never seen it.

In the future you, too, will surely enjoy Playreaders coming productions.

Ruth and Walter Lifton

BOOK NOTES

In case you haven't noticed, this is the 200th anniversary of Lewis and Clark's historic jaunt through western America. Much nonfiction will be added to the already long list of books about the famous expedition, but Brian Hall is employing fiction to make this marvelous event come alive in *I Should Be Extremely Happy In Your Company: A Novel of Lewis and Clark*, published this month. The familiar cast of characters is all here, but Hall's style, at once lyrical and precise, makes them seem as real as characters on your television screen. The ambitious but melancholy Lewis is a fascinating counterpoint to Clark, at once a soldier and an artist. Particularly vivid is the expedition's encounters with the Blackfeet Indians, blissfully unaware that they were Native Americans. Even if you're not a history buff, this one should enthrall you. (Published)

Epic struggle? Of course, and here's one you might not have thought of: *They Fought Like Demons: Women Soldiers in the American Civil War* by DeAnne Blanton and Lauren M. Cook. There were at least 250 of them serving both sides, and their appearance has been observed before. But Blanton, a National Archives archivist, and Cook, an employee of Fayetteville State University, give us the best story yet of their exploits. The authors not only

paint vivid pictures of the actions in which these women fought, but tell us why they joined the struggle: patriotism on both sides, to be sure, but also following husbands or lovers, or simply the great urge to break free from Victorian society. We see them marching, in combat, in camps and hospitals, where many were found out to be female. Sometimes they wound up in prisons, a few tried to hide pregnancies until the babies were born. And some were never discovered until the war was over, like the Illinois woman who kept her secret until 1911. The authors pursue the histories of several who survived the war. A compelling story, well told (Published)

If you love traveling on the water, here's a trip you won't find listed by your travel agent: *The Living Great Lakes: Searching For the Heart of the Inland Seas*, by Jerry Dennis. Reading this book is like being a crew member on the schooner *Malabar*, taking a six-week trip through Lakes Huron, Ontario, Michigan, Erie and Superior, all of which frame that great state of Michigan. (I come from there). Your captain is Hajo Knuttel, and the crew includes a creative cook named Tim. They all come to vivid life in this tale of adventure. There are stories of family fishing trips on Lake Michigan, something about the natural history of the lakes and the people who live there, and vivid pictures of the shorelines, especially the forests around Lake Supe-

rior. There's danger, too, on the lakes, as everyone who knows them well understands. One overwhelming danger is a storm, and you'll be hanging on to your chair when the schooner encounters these villains. There are pictures, too. (April)

John Tebbel

SUMMER VACATION

I had a fun experience in August. Dr. Tony Galanos asked me to be a participant in a program for first year Duke medical students—120 of them. I accepted, but I was scared, too. It turned out to be fun.

Dr. Galanos asked me questions about being 84 years old with a spouse who has the support of Hospice. No holds barred—especially when a student asked me: "So you go to a group of water colorists twice a week—what else do you do with your time?" Of course the young man had no conception of how geriatrics live in a different and accelerated time frame and how we adjust to this.

The program I participated in is a wonderful concept, I think. The students are exposed to lectures about our whole life span—from birth to death. You'll be interested to know that Dr. Galanos' daughter, Rachel, has been a part of this series for several years.

Florence Manning

ICE STORM THOUGHTS

What do you call a senior citizen who stays in a cottage without heat or electricity? An incurable optimist? Stubborn? A masochist? (Friends have suggested the last.)

Things I have learned:

- 1) Sleeping is the warmest thing you can do with no heat.
- 2) How special is a hot breakfast in the café!
- 3) Sun makes a big difference. Opening the draperies on a sunny day moves the thermostat reading from 50 to 60 degrees.
- 4) Evenings are the hard part — sun sets early in December, it gets dark and cold.
- 5) The library is warm and cozy — a great place to sit and read.
- 6) People are necessary to break the sense of isolation. What fun it was to mingle at the Friday Social Hour.
- 7) What a thrill to go to Cameron to watch Duke basketball — exciting team, lots of people, hot!
- 8) When we heard cottages 1-40 got power back, we (cottages 41-80) remembered Al Capp's Joe Btflspk and his perennial cloud of doom.
- 9) The best thing to read by flashlight is *Memories From The Forest: The First Decade*.
- 10) What's with Duke Power??

With special thanks to:

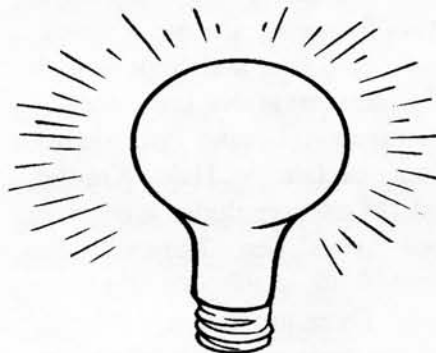
Julia Chu who let me use her computer.

Josephine Swiger who lent me her brilliant lantern.

And to Pearle Vision who fixed my glasses (which, in the dark, I sat on.)

Let there be light!!!

Virginia Jones



PRESIDENT'S PODIUM

(Continued from page 1)

pressed in the Declaration of Independence.

Ultimately a concerted effort by the state and national CCRC organizations with the help of AARP will be required to bring equity and justice into the governance of these institutions, recognition of their unique social structure, and respect for residents' knowledge and experience.

These matters are very much on everyone's mind in these uncertain times. The Residents' Association committees will welcome your ideas to help them plan their course of action.

I have one further urgent request to make of all residents. Jane Jones, after years of supervising the use of our copier, must have volunteers to take over in January. She will train her successors to ensure a smooth takeover. With the approach of April 15th and tax season we need your help. Please speak to Doris Fields, Bette Gallie, or me if you are interested.

Bob Ward

WELCOME NEW RESIDENTS



By Ed Albrecht

John Henry

John Henry
Apartment 2027 401-5873

John Henry was born and grew up in Greenville, South Carolina. After serving three years in the Army engineers during WWII, he won a four year art scholarship to the Harris School of Art in Nashville. Upon graduating, he moved to Chicago where he worked as an illustrator and portrait artist for 35 years. Twenty-seven of those years were spent with the Stephens Biondi Studios teaching young artists and illustrating for national advertisers and publishers. He was also building a steady portrait business. He retired to Myrtle Beach in 1985 to paint the low country and continue his portrait work. In 1999 he moved to Chapel Hill to be nearer his portrait clients and to use the hospitals there. His hobbies are art and music and all types of exercise.

Mary Gates
Apartment 3018 401-9682

Mary Gates and her cat moved here from Michigan. She first heard of The Forest through the Internet. She was born in South Dakota, and, after graduating from Yankton College in 1942, she worked three years at the Federal Reserve Bank in Minneapolis. In 1945 she married Sergeant Ned Gates and, after the war, they settled in south Bend, Indiana where she entered the family business—Chevrolet dealerships. They had many wonderful trips with General Motors to Europe, Asia, and around the world. Later, they attended a number of Elderhostels. Her husband died in 1989. Mary's son, Dick, is in the computer field and lives in Denver. Her daughter, Jane, a CPA, has two daughters, Jennifer and Kate, who have finished college and started careers. Mary's occupation over the years has been homemaker and volunteer for many organizations. She enjoys reading, bridge, crossword puzzles, staying fit, and socializing. She has supported Planned Parenthood, Sierra Club, and anti-gun groups. She is also interested in bird watching, art museums, and professional sports.



By Ed Albrecht

Mary Gates

Bob Blake's
Puzzle

Each word below can be found by reading either
up, down, forward, backward or diagonally.

L H A I D A B O S U C I T I V E L T
E A D C H R O N I C L E S F G W Q I
U I Q J S K V N H O J N N J O E L M
M A J O B R A M O S A E Z V Y H X O
A S N S S W E Y D I H O S E A T A T
S I O E N N G B P E T F H C D T U H
E S M G S O A P M T J A I U I A H Y
T N E D G Z I I S U I M L H X M S M
S A L U N L A T N R N T C E S S O O
A I I J I H C Z A O Y A U E V W J N
I H H H K A B H F T L D M S K E A O
S T P Q J V C E V A N A K J R R R R
E N S S O E F X M X J E S E A B Z E
L I A G Z K J O N A H X M S M E E T
C R L N P U E D U J P I Y A E H X U
C O M O C L F U S N A M O R L H U E
E C S S N A I S E H P E H T U R T D
G K U K K A B A H A I N A H P E Z X

Books of the Bible

ACTS	HABAKKUK	JONAH	MARK	REVELATION
AMOS	HEBREWS	JOSHUA	MATTHEW	ROMANS
CHRONICLES	HOSEA	JUDE	MICAH	RUTH
CORINTHIANS	ISAIAH	JUDGES	NEHEMIAH	SAMUEL
DEUTERONOMY	JAMES	KINGS	NUMBERS	SONGS
ECCLESIASTES	JEREMIAH	LAMENTATIONS	OBADIAH	THESSALONIANS
EPHESIANS	JOB	LEVITICUS	PHILEMON	TIMOTHY
EXODUS	JOEL	LUKE	PHILIPPIANS	TITUS
EZRA	JOHN	MALACHI	PSALMS	ZECHARIAH
				ZEPHANIAH
